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Choice Poetry.

FROM GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

THE MIDNIGHT VIGIL.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

They say a tempest is abroad to-night—
They tell me of its fearful sights and sounds,
Of driving rains, the rush and wail of winds,
The plunge of torrents down the mountain side,
The far-off boom of thunder, or the crash
And jar of the near burst—the lurid track
Of the quick lightning leaping down the skies!

But deeper midnight and a colder gloom
Enwrap my life;—within my bosom reigns
A wilder, sterner strife, while bows my head,
Bared to the pelting of a mightier storm!
The hour is nigh at hand—the hour that oft
Darkened my childhood's dreams in nights of fear—
Whose icy thought has had strange power to stay
The bounding pulse of joy since first my lips
Essayed to lisp the most beloved name.

Vainly my soul hath struggled—life's best joy
From her close, passionate clasp is torn away!
Her deepest, tenderest, thrice blessed love,
A holy lamp upon a sacred shrine,
Is dying out upon the midnight air!
That soul, so strong with hope and high resolve,
Brave and exultant once, grows faint and shrinks
Now while the wine-press of a mortal grief
Her steps are treading, painfully and slow!
The heart that once unfolded into life
A glowing chalice for its summer sweets,
A glad, wild flower, that only looked to heaven
For dew and sunshine, and smiled back its praise,
That drank in freshness with the morning hours,
And swayed to pleasant airs the live-long day,
Now bruised and broken, bleeds itself away,
Earth cold beneath and heaven all dark above!

This voice hath grown a stranger to mirth's car—
Faltering and low its words, half drowned in tears,
Words that of late such merry changes rung.
A frost-like pallor fallen on cheek and lip
Hath chilled their redness—and the eyes that smiled
And looked out gladness from their deepest depths,
Grow wild and darken with a great despair!

[illegible]

Olio.

[illegible]

Pictures of Life.

ISABEL DENISON.

A Story of the Heart.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XV.

[illegible]

with a quivering lip, and her pale cheek grew scarlet.

The anger passed from her father's brow, though the gravity remained. He saw that his child was suffering—it was enough. They finished breakfast almost in silence. When it was over, Isabel wandered listlessly to the window, and stood there in silent, painful thought. Mr. Denison joined her.— He looked very grave.

"What is this, Isabel? Clarence is going. Why is it—is it your doing?"

She was silent.

"Answer me, Isabel—I desire it."

"Oh, papa! in a few days I will tell you every thing, if you will but trust me for a few days. I believe—I am almost sure—I am doing right. Will you trust me?"

"But then Clarence will be gone." She was silent. "Answer me only this, Isabel—Does Clarence love you, and do you love him, my child?"

She attempted to answer, but the words died away. "Oh, papa! pray trust me," she said, imploringly, and the earnest look of her beautiful eyes few could resist. Mr. Denison could not.

"I suppose I must let you have your own way," he said, reluctantly; "but remember this, my dear child, there is no remorse so great as that of wounding the heart that loves you." He spoke as if from his soul.

"I know it, papa," she said, in a low voice.

Mr. Denison looked anxiously at her downcast and troubled countenance, but it betrayed nothing more. He was at all times a great enemy to interference; he hated it from others in his own concerns, and on this subject, at least, he acted on the rule—"Do unto others as you would have them do to you;" and, though mortified, and disappointed, he thought it best to leave it for the present.

"I have had a letter from Clarence this morning; you may read it if you please," and, as he turned away, he placed it in her hands. She took it to her own room.

In this letter he merely told Mr. Denison of his intention to go to India, saying it would be disagreeable to him to remain in England. "I am

[illegible]

Our Portrait Gallery.

GENERAL JOSEPH BEM.

This distinguished officer is occupying a large share of the public attention at the present time. When the first troubles broke out in Vienna, he was Commander-in-Chief of the troops of that city. He is now the second in command of the Hungarian forces under Kossuth, and was in command of that body of the Hungarians which gained the recent splendid victory over the Russian invaders, as narrated in our last number.

said Annie, with a scream. "I declare I remember it all as if it were yesterday."

"It would be strange, indeed, if you had forgotten it," said Isabel, smiling.

"I don't know that, miss—it isn't every body who sees the world and comes back unaltered to their native air."

Isabel felt a strange rebuke in the words, and was silent.

Annie popped her head out of the window. "There's Mr. Grey, I do declare!"

The blood rushed violently to Isabel's heart and to her cheeks. She had never even contemplated such a meeting as this. "Oh! no," continued Annie, perfectly unconscious of the pain her remarks had given, "I'm sure, I beg Mr. Grey's pardon—it was the long legs as misled me; it's only young

[illegible]

"I am not deceived, Isabel—you are not happy, dearest—tell me what is the matter with you."

Isabel withdrew from the light, and sitting down in the window seat, looked out into the night. "I was going to you presently, Aunt Rachel, to talk to you." She paused. "Did you then expect to find me changed?" she asked, after a moment, in a faltering voice.

Rachel looked earnestly at her niece, and a fear shot through her mind, but she answered, with her usual calm voice, "No, my dear Isabel. I thought it possible, but I did not—I do not expect it."

"But it is so, Aunt Rachel! I am changed, utterly changed. Oh, do not despise me!" and turning her head away, in a rapid manner, she told her sad history.

Miss Shepherd was surprised and shocked; but,

[illegible]

common intercourse, what events of common life could interest hearts occupied like these?

But, though in silence, Herbert perused the pale and suffering countenance of her he loved so truly; and while the feelings he read there made his own heart beat with fear and anguish, his thought was only of her.

He spoke at last. "You have come back to Ellerton in sorrow, dearest Isabel. Will you not speak to me? You are unhappy—will you not let me comfort you?"

The gentle, earnest tones of his voice thrilled through her soul, and she could not answer him—she could not break his heart.

He saw her increasing agitation; and though every moment added to the turmoil in his own breast—though the voice of selfish fear called upon

[illegible]

Romance of Life.

THE NATURAL VS. THE FOSTER-MOTHER.

PATHETIC SCENE IN COURT.

A few days ago a strolling family of street musicians wandered into New Orleans. It was composed of an Italian and his wife, who had assumed the English name of Wilson, and a bright-eyed, interesting little girl of precocious intelligence, whose duty it was to carry around the tambourine, and collect the contributions of the crowds. This little girl called Mr. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson her parents, and seemed happy in their service, and in the affectionate kindness which the poor organ-grinders lavished upon her.

The wandering minstrels were pursuing their daily avocations in the suburbs, in a neighborhood not considered the most reputable portion of the city. The drum played by the man, and the organ which the poor woman turned, had ceased their monotonous strains, and the bright-eyed little girl was tripping it over the banquette, and smilingly and beseechingly presenting her little tambourine for the picayunes, when suddenly the attention of a poor woman, in whose worn features misfortune, vice and remorse were strongly blended, was attracted towards the little girl.

She looked at the little one with a steady, anxious and searching gaze for a moment, and then rushing through the crowd, seized her in her arms and tenderly pressed her frail little figure to her throbbing bosom, exclaiming at the same time, "Oh, my child! my long lost child! My darling little one! Have I got you at last?" The little girl was frightened; screamed for "her mother," (the organ grinder,) to rescue her, and tried in every way she could to escape from the "wild woman." Finally, however, by the interference of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, the little one was taken from the arms of the poor stranger, whose anguish seemed to increase in bitterness at the indifference or forgetfulness of the little girl

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Varieties.

THE BURIED FLOWER.

[illegible]

Interesting Sketch.

THE LAST GENERATION IN ENGLAND.

From an article under the above head, by "the author of Mary Barton," which appeared in the last number of Sartain's Magazine, we take the following amusing extract:

You may imagine the subjects of the conversation—among the infants; coats, corsets, crinolines, galloons, and lost and found, mouth worked interminable; the point of the lace, whether three or one and a-half and unbelievable boneblessness; tooking, sewing for, advocate, doctoring, doing everything but educating them. One or two did bid-on credit on the glories of former days: which

——boasted of two Miss Crawleys as residents. Though it must be sixty years since they died, these ancient maiden aunts were the theme among about the place. Proud, proud, and generous; bitter terms were they. Their sister had married a Governor (Georgiana) more distinguished for a successful comedy, than for his mode of conducting the war in America; and, consequently, his sister-in-law held the name of Washington in high abhorrence. I can fancy the way in which they must have spoken of him, from the shudder of abomination with which their devoted admirers spoke years afterwards of that dear Miss Crawley last." Lady Jane was moreover a benefactress to the poor. Once a-year, on her payment of the land-tax, push was composed of loose round stones, placed on the spot that a decision was arrived at between one or two wrench from slipping between; but she left a sum of money in her will to make and keep it repair a flag pavement, on condition that it should only be broad enough for one to walk abreast, in order "to put a stop to the indecent custom of using forte-wagins, or ladies leaning with gentlemen;" looking being the old-fashioned word for walking tête-à-tete. Lady Jane also left her sedan and money to pay the bearers for the use of the ladies of ——, who were frequent the Ashes and Eve in the weather-glass in consequence, the first arrival at a party leaving to entertain the order of returning when the last lady was only just entering upon the question of the evening.

The old ladies were living boards of family tradition and old customs. One of them, a Shropshire woman, had been to school in London about the middle of the last century. The journey from Shropshire took her a week. At the school to which she was sent, besides five wears of incomprehensible descriptions, pastry, and the art of confectionary were taught to those whose parents desired it. The dancing master gave his pupils instructions in the art of walking in his property. Although an early child, she had never sat down in her parents' presence at dinner; latest said she was never raised; and spoke with infinite disgust of the modern familiarity with which children treated their parents. "In my days," said she, "when we wrote to our fathers and mothers, we began 'Honored Sir,' or 'Honored Madam,' none of your 'Dear Mammas,' or 'Dear Papas' would have been permitted; and we ended our margin before beginning our letters, instead of crumming writing into every corner of the paper; and when we ended our letters we sanded our parents' kneeing if we were willing to them; and if we wrote to a friend we were content to 'remain your affectionate friend,' instead of heating up some new fangled expression, such as 'your attached, your loving,' &c. Fanny, my dear! I got a letter lately signed 'Yours cordially,' like a drum-shop! what will this world come to?" Then she would fall into a fancy-dreaming aside, and be dance in her youth, never thought of Miss Martin's as affecting her his arm to conduct her to her place, but taking up the fan of his left hand cued, he placed it over his open palm, and so the lady decidedly retained the tips of her fingers. To be sure, my dear old lady once confessed to a story neither so pretty nor so proper, namely, that one of the amusements of her youth was "measuring canes" with some gentlemen—not an uncommon thing in those days, and, as lips far below zeros, such measurements frequently ended in kisses. At her house there was a little silver bachelor-strainer, and once remarking on this, she avowed, as a clever master pastrycook through with holes, and told me it was a relic of the times when tea was first introduced into England; after it had been stirred and the leaves strained, the leaves were taken out of the tea-pot and placed on this strainer, and then eaten by those who liked with sugar and butter, "and very good they were," she added. Another relic which she possessed was an old receipt-book, rather back in the middle of the sixteenth century. Our grandmothers must have been strong-headed women, for there were numerous receipts for "lation' brewages," &c., generally beginning with "Take two gallons of brandy, or any other spirit." The pudding, too, were no light matters; one receipt, which I copied for the curiosity of the thing, began with, "Take thirty eggs, two cauris of cream," &c. These heidegrannic puddings she explained by saying that the afternoon meal, before the introduction of tea, was generally composed of cakes and cold puddings, together with a glass of what we should now call liqueur, but which were then denominated bottles.

The same old lady advocated strongly the manner in which marriages were formerly effected abroad. A young man went up to London to study for the bar, he became interchanged, or not, and arrived at middle age without having thought about matrimony; when, feeling himself rich and desirous of being married, he made frequently wrote to some college friend, or to the clergyman of his native place, asking him to recommend a wife; whereupon the friend wrote send a list of suitables before him. The bachelor would name his assertion, and empower his friend to negotiate the parents of the chosen one, who acceptance or refused without much consultation of their daughter's wishes; often the first intelligence she had of the affair was by being told by her mother to soon herself in her best, as the gentleman be present at dinner. The gentleman was expected by the night coach to enquire.

"And very happy marriages they turned out, my dear—many," my venerable informant would say, sighing. I always suspected that her own had been of this description.

Miscellaneous.

THE CAMEL.

I must own that I never, like the eloquent author of Eothen, lasted love these animals to the extent of "wounded nature." Nor would I go exactly so far as Mat Morgan, who says, "the important of beast: I do not know, growling, groaning and tearing, whenever asked to do or bear anything; look ing on such occasions as if I longed to bite, if evil if dared. Its malignant expression of face is in its pictures; but it may be seen to perfection one look for it. The mingled expression of spite, fear, and lasciviousness in the face of the rebel sitters gives the impression of its being, or feeling itself, *damned animal.*" There is no doubt that there has been a great deal of contraction about the morality of the camel, but yet I think Mat Morrison is to blame for his hard upon him. It is true that the animal has got a most unfortunate voice, on the do not understand the theory: let no one dare to do mistake the several. "Circumstantie brute! I two ages one be sorry a fact!" and he may go on 1 forgiveness in his gurgling growl. "Delighted to be of any service you," might be the response of his better of round master. And our mien be be, poor creature to be a genius for. Hard work and low wages is his lot, like that of the Irishman and a death-bed in the Desert, with none but his fellow-camels to moan over it in a dying moral about his dying eyes. Upon the whole, I should characterize him as being, like Mat's Satan, to be one of Eden, "*respectable good,*" though I find the reminiscence severe, unintentionally, somewhat in Mem Morrison's view of a "*damned animal.*" Some respects he is a pleasant beast to ride. As for instance, when you have a long journey to go entirely to your own conclusions, for he is so thoroughly unsophisticated that you do not see in his stagnant degree bound to converse with or take any notice of him, as you do of the intelligent and sagacious horse. He can carry a good deal of luggage, and is content to be taken for a journey. On he pads, fishing at the way as at grass by the road-side, with his one unstructured neck, like a huge water bird. Now he sees something, and don't goes his head, he presently compares with, perhaps, a cluster of date palm which he sees writhing amid the green fruit of his growing gum. To Cob, nothing ever comes amiss to him. Indeed, he cheers it upon his teeth; for I know no camel that is the worse for a meal of a tooth brush. He is vulgar in other respects, and many of his habits are certainly anything but "*mensuetæ.*" And yet the camel is a useful animal: not in the unfortunate of an striking own and a flashing eye; not in the exhibition of ornamental price and spirit; but in the substance of a humble and rugged constitution. Here and there a group of a camel upon a handful of beans No, Mat Morrisons! you must not upon the working man: you must not rob the heart of its romance, a camel shall be a camel still.

SWEDENBORGIANISM.—One thing was noticed in the conference—Swedenborgianism in the little Swedenborgian church at Weston,(ms.—Twenty-five persons (under our observable pioneer) or one-fourth of the whole number hold it sacred. It struck me as a peculiarity of which I could not give a reasonable solution: and I leave it to wiser heads to determine what natural connection there is between Swedenborgianism and a smooth crown. But as the most remarkable people of my acquaintance are bald-coated, it certainly argues well, in my estimation, for the soundness of the Swedenborgian faith.—*Boston Courier.*

A LETTER AND A POEM.

The following most beautiful poem was written to profess with the letter which accompanied it, and which gives it its proper explosion.

"GENTLEMEN:—As a constant reader, I take the liberty to send you the enclosed lines, written by an English lady. They are exquisite in their tenderness, and still more unique from being written by a woman, and yet breathing so sweet a spirit of charity and pity—which, I regret to add, are not the most frequent emotions of the female breast towards their rivals. I think you will deserve consideration—those who are morally above indeed."

"I know it to be true, that the energetic and influential editor, who is also a lawyer and a clerk, and in the Home Journal have had much effect with regard to measures, Polite dancing, dress, &c.—and I think that a few words from you on something in your effective way regarding the fearful wasting away and bringing on of consumption in the idea that they are not legally responsible for their words, therefore they are licensed to say what they please!

"Can you not urge them to consider themselves as morally responsible, to which I have no doubt they will, with slight perseverance, you may finally overcome that one grievous sin in our female character—until you fairly bring the female sex to that point of honor, that to be heard uttering a slander or a falsehood, even at least for a time, in the social standard, in the estimation of their associates.

"Think, gentlemen, what a reformation would be to your credit! What a heaven on earth women would we have! Women who consider a moment before forming or uttering an opinion perchance! Our minds and hearts are too inelicit and wonderful a gift from our Creator to be squandered away in the manner we do!

"*It is the one thing needful* to make women almost angels. Will you help us? Will you lend the sense of honor (a quality which has not yet been impressed upon them in the way of education) to feminine and gifting opinions, and we should almost forget (the ills that flesh is heir to,' in this world of sorrow, and be content to remain here, where that rare, feminine charity, we may not only fashionable, but present?

"I remain, a would-be-with-all-my-heart-chair-table-woman, EUGENIA."

[The following are the enclosed lines:—]

"She stood amid the crowded hall,
Fairest yet in all,
Though many a beauty graced the hall,
To the the envious throng:

"Yet, guilt and woe a shade had cast
Upon her youthful home,
And sorrow's sad impression on the pencil
Were mingled with her tears.

"'Oh! for some other husband,' they said—
I feel the air was sweet,
If there are women, women fond,
Men fatally meet.

"I looked into her inspired page,
To dark and deeply see,
And read such thrilling mysteries,
Of passion and regret.

"I thought of Eve, when taught to sin,
From from its serpent's lore,
Though blood-red fashion and wit,
Yet irretrieving there before.

"In truth it was a parallel sight,
As former friends passed by,
To see her quivering lips grow white,
Beneath each mocking eye.

"Oh! how I wished some angel then,
His pitying wings should spread,
To shelter from the storm of men
Their fair, defenseless head.

"With tone to strengthen or sustain,
With voice to cheer the lonely,
Amid the scribe and the vain,
The high and the holy.

"Providence she longed to see once more
From door to door before
Some valued friendship to acquire,
Some scanty effort.

"I know it, for our feet have trod
Sad mourning was the one
Years! I pass! Let no reader pout,
I linked, and she was gone!

"LETTER FROM THE DIG-GINGS."

A New York correspondent furnishes the following amusing letter:

VALLEY OF THE SACRAMENTO, }
April 20, 1849. }

EDITORS OF THE NEW YORK TIMES:—Now I write before anyone was troops—I am a colonist. These peoples state is found in brilliant perfection on the head of South Novelty, and the waters of the large as lamb eggs has been seen in a constant of gold, although not so much as has been found, and when the snow melts, it is supposed that many of the first water will come down with the current. Some of the Spaniards have realized from 1 to 2 pounds weight in their country. If France has the right crop. Snow is about to be packed under the sun of a piece of chalk. Avocado shrubs, like cabbages, are to be found in the bay up when they can get diamonds. Other pools is a thing. Beyond the plains, on what they call a ocean of the country, there is a large tract of silver has been dug up, which is very convenient for small change.

A stream rained into Feather River, and persons are daily washing the recently discovered gold up a German Assembly, and they have obtained the most ownership by the threatening to hash any one they catch picking out the best of the gold. The same ambulant Dutch water privileges, they call it the Kind Rules. Some of the splendid Indian which has gone for into the interpose, and which is very much in the way of gold, and is left with reubens, but nobody knows these outlying section.

The depth of the editorious vaults on the Sacramento is forty eight feet eleven inches and three quarters. Between me and Uncle Sam's gold, we rock slacks and draw it up with horses. The sand is so rare that there is no use for shortage in their metal, I tell you; but there's no hurry, for they must hang on with all their might and might, or down they go, and we can all say we've been to sea.

Means quantities of gold at the very least, but never seen! Sun Francisco for some time to come, and it is as fat as it is put in turned into sugar. Thieves cannot squat at the diggins—being hung on the first sycamore. Sixth of August, 1849, is the capital fixed of a spurious notice very soon. All kinds of provisions are very high, and money is very low. Some men grown' 'em away in order to promote the circulation. Common laborers get from 8 to 10 dollars a half past. Horse's'ere, no gold in plenty, every luck has its gift.

The British Government had given an intimation, for a long time, of the discovery of the Territory, of its intentions respecting the final disposal of the same, and of the terms on which it would be dealt for high treason. The debates in Parliament had been uncongenial.

The Russian Government had given an intimation, for a long time

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1850.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

The Boston Daily Advertiser says that a few years ago, after a despatch of letters, this gifted and truly excellent woman, wrote to a friend as follows: "And now it is all over, I thank God, not only for my recovery, but for my illness, the very truth, and without the least exaggeration or affectation of sentiment, I declare that, on the whole, my illness was a source of more pleasure than pain to me; and I would willingly undergo all the fever and weakness to have the delight of the feelings of tenderness, warm all cities, and the consequent unspeakable sensations of gratitude. When I felt that I was more than probable that I should not recover, with a pulse above 170, and all the strictness of my servants with you"—I was not alarmed; I felt ready to rise thankful from the bouquet of life, where I had been a happy guest. I recollect my sister laid upon the guidance of my Creator." And again, a few weeks since, she wrote: "Our pleasures in Literature do not, I think, decrease with age. Last night my sister-in-law read to us Southey's Ballads, and I think that from books I had so much enjoyment last year as I now had in any year of my life." And she adds, "Our evenings are spent in enjoying the good the old, until, after only a few hours of illness, she was taken to a home her happy life, which, to an extraordinary degree, had been given to the cultivation of what was best and purest in herself, and to the diffusion of it to all whom she could reach, either by her modest, personal example, or by the manifold influences of her genius."

ROME.

Among the one-tenants of the new government at Rome, are said to be the following:

To every peasant, not a proprietor, is assigned as much land as he can cultivate with a pair of oxen he can plough. And where there are lots of space in rom or land, the tenants, the poor as well as rich, and whatever abide in those vast tenements, long more than six months empty.

The following is an extract from a letter of an English gentleman, formerly of Boston, which the New York Tribune says may be relied upon:

Wonderful is the rich and cheerfulness of the Roman people. Their peace, their cheerfulness, their fun and festivity, their love of the beautiful, their sympathy, and respect of property and person. Even the poorest will, in a week or some two or three, give who lived on the people and were caught, Papal hunter in hand, brought up for trial, and have been imbrued. Some were sentenced to the galleys, however, and some bought well at the barricades. But the sun burnt, bright-eyed women all the Romans, and the most elegant and daughter in her colours, all resemblance." On IX., the Pope, I will not; for though I believe he was a man of power, and now he seeks betterment and benefit to his people, as his friend.

I regret to say that the French did not deserve the confidence, the love, and cheerfulness of the Romans, and their barbarous wanton slaughter of the unresisting people of the city, and the wounding of the women and children, is a blot on the French name. I know it from personal observation of what was done by the Austrians and all other the actors. They had also unnecessarily killed and maimed a lot of more unarmed of the "Corps Universelle."

CHOLERA REGISTRY.

We copy the following receipt from the National Intelligencer. It was communicated by Mr. Thos. S. Bryant, Paymaster U. S. Army:

Laudanum,	2 ounces.
Spirits Camphor,	1 ounce.
Tincture Opium,	1 ounce.
Tincture Ginger,	1 ounce.
Essence of Peppermint,	1 ounce.
Hoffman's Anodyne,	2 ounces.

Mix all together. Dose, a table-spoonful, in a little water, for an adult.

Mr. Bryant says: "This preparation is carried on nearly all the sick on the Mississippi, and I will stark Southern in ten minutes, and abate the other premonitory symptoms of cholera immediately. I have used it myself, and can attest that it gives the system to ease one hundred persons."

MORBE VS. O'REILLY.

The Tennessee Court, sitting at Nashville, after a full hearing, issued an order, restoring to O'Reilly printing and advertising under the old law, but when Nashville and Louisville, thus opening a direct telegraph communication with New Orleans.

Mr. O'Reilly stated that he intended to use Morse's invention, and the court decided that the patent no infringement of the invention last by Morse & Kendall. Able counsel appeared on both sides.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The Board of Health during the last week in this city was 111—adults 79; and children 60.

Miscellaneous.

ON THE TRAMP.

The following letter to the St. Louis Republican dated Fort Kearney, Nebraska Territory, May 19th, 1850, is calculated to interest:

GENTLEMEN:—The Mormon mail from the bay of the valley of the Salt Lake, has just arrived, and soon on its way to the frontiers. The ox is a last breaker, and the inundation of gold diggers so much on the road.

The Mormons are now in their glory. They are now in abundant, a long rifle in the hand and two revolvers in the belt. Some knives stuck in, and made an appearance here a week ago last Sunday. He only had one leg, and he a drunk of whiskey, a piece of ginger bread, and how *d'ye?* it was to *California*," and then hallowing to his long legged mule, *Californy*, *Californy*, *Californy*, and the top Yankee waste, he conquered on the trail to wards the "golden region." Numbers of these have been constantly passing. Up to this morning, four hundred and seventy-six wagons have gone past our post; and this is but the middle of June. Persons who have come through hastily inform us that there are, every where, great numbers. This is an excellent point from which to see all that is passing, for we are on the route which we before reaching here.

Every Sunday I presume about every town and Rocky Mountain States, is now represented to this part of the world. Wagons of all patterns, and every description, from the Pittsburg wagon, jerkaroon, mule and horses, are daily seen rolling past, and the Sabbath is regarded by the rolling generals. Some of all kinds must certainly be eaten or worn out before they get to the end. Emigrants must have their mule upon them. Not a man but what has a gun and a revolver or two, and a belt and knife. Some have a rifle and a double barrel shot gun stuck in his belt. Many of the parties have been robbed of all their arms, and have had dissensions and are broken up, and each faction continuing out for himself.

Moreover, all are coming on their way, with the determination, apparently, of having the end of the world, or bust, in view, if matters be left to them. The man is in an organized company or by himself, he is responsible to no one, and out of sight of Nature. Such an emigration as is now passing over the plains, has not had its parallel in any age. Company-ism, of necessity, is the best principle of the land, the country that has ever it must necessarily assume a consolidated form. But the individual, going with his crowd, to give it a little steaming. Several times and more often changed hands, and as it is an Indian country, the poor Indian must bear the blame. The last arrival from the travelers on the valley say that the Indians will not harm all the way from Mexico, without the assistance of the white man, stage, steamer, or the emigrant wrote. He is accompanied by a savage-looking half breed, and has with him his chronicles, and the out of which he carries his baggage, consisting of a small bundle, and his gun along pretty well by spinning on his fellow travellers. He says he knows but a handful of trails to carry the mail by, and he rather guessed he'll find Chouteaus enough on the road to answer his purpose well enough.

One of the men with the Mormon mail is just from the "diggings" in California, and exhibited a large flour sack full of gold dust as his stock gold as he wants. He showed a stocking full as a specimen, and says that many of the emigrants have passed with their eyes at the sight of the glittering ore.

MAY 19th.—The cry is, "still they come."—Yesterday 180 wagons passed here, making in all 656.

TREATMENT OF A SUITOR.

N. P. Willis, in the Home Journal, thus discourses upon a matter of no little interest:

From the moment that a young man conceives the attitude of allowed suitor, when he should be encouraged with great politeness and considerate respect which belongs to a relative. The necessary enquiry into his character and means should be made with the utmost delicacy, and by those alone who are the most intimate and confidential. In their manners to him, the family of the lady should show that they consider him quite second by the preferment of their heretofore favored and anticipate, by courtesy, the confiding cordiality he is expected to feel toward them. His own value should be fully and generously allowed, and a deference to his wishes and opinions should be shown, such as will chime with the probable state of things in a year after his marriage. Whatever be the kind of man a daughter is likely to marry, he would be treated more honor to be a good husband and a kind relative, by such treatment, than by the suspicious coldness and cautious disparagement we have mentioned.

☞ It is only necessary to grow old, to become more indulgent. I can no fault committed that I have not committed myself.—*Goth.*

ADVENTURE WITH CALIFORNIA ROBBERS.

I once hunted for three months in company with a hunter well known in California. In him he was wild and imaginative in the extreme; but in his acts of daring, &c., the most cool and philosophic fellow I ever knew. A commercialist, or merchant, of San Francisco, or, whose vessel, I knew from experience I can depend, told me the following story of this man, which will at once illustrate his general character:

"This hunter was, some months before, I had left in which I was living, the last of my days down the valley of the Yale Lakes from the interior, with a heavy pack of furs on his back, he encountering fifty or six Indians, all very much in his side. He was joined at the northernmost end of the valley by the merchant I have spoken of, who was armed only with a cord and pistols.

"They had scarcely entered the valley when a party of robbers galloped out before them. There were four whites fully armed, and two Indians with their horses rolled up in their right hands, 'ready for a crave.' The hunter told the merchant, who was an arrachant, to discount instantly, 'and to cover.' Fortunately for them, there was a good deal of thicket, and trunks of large trees had been laid fallen were scarred about in a very desirable manner. Behind these logs the merchant and the hunter quickly took up their position, and as they were in the act of doing so, two or three shots were fired from the robbers without effect. The hunter coolly united the pack of furs from his back and laid them beside him. 'It's my opinion,' muttered he, 'that I'll have to use my rifle and my pistols with a substance that gave them buttonsy. These facts, however strange they may appear, are true to the letter. The Russian are, respectively, eighteen and nine inches apart, and nearly, the ball 100 pounds, and the heifer 650. The bull is four feet ten inches high, and his two feet four inches broad. The heifer is four feet high, and her two feet four inches broad.—The heifer of a present cattle size. They are the most beautiful animals I ever saw. Before we have ever seen. Their tombs are as delicate as those of a gazelle, put together with the nicest care, and their beautiful heads have something of the elegance of outline of a deer, their controls are as true to the finest deer we have ever found and fat, yet delicately, their nails thick and fat at the insertion, taper down to the thinnest edge of a whip lash. Their hair is long tuft of silky hair. They are of a deep, shining ivy color, and the young, fawns, which are just coming up, are black as those of a buffalo. When full grown, they are said to stand seven feet high, and we have seen and to yield three half heads to a mile a day."

The stock of the valley of Virginia, it is believed, will in much improved by the introduction of this new breed. Col. Castleman values the pair at $10,000.

THE POPE'S CARRIAGE.

The Pope's state carriage, says a London letter from Rome, is not glorious with gold, as that used by Leo XII, finished by Gregory XVI, and ordered during the years 1844 and 1845, at a cost of 30,000 scudi (£6,000). was yesterday conveyed in state from the Quirinal to the Church of the Apostles, Corso, Blacker's entry, Pa.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. A. H. Kennard, Mr. Thomas Cornell, of Philadelphia, to Miss Mary Ann Cornell, of Philadelphia.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Lusk

Selected Poetry.

FROM GODEY'S MAGAZINE.

THE TULIP-TREE.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Behold my blood with long-fingered Science
To the oblivion of the people's leisure,
While I shriek a tale of brimming sweetness
From the gloomy air to honey-bees.
For above, the fields of calm heighten;
Forest leaves are trembling in their glee
And the dizzy's sweets around me whiten,
Dribbed down at a ping tree!

On the hills he stretched like a tower,
Dancing in the morn—to Tulip-Tree!
Oh his rounded crown was of leaves and flowers
While his emerald flags are flapping free
But when flame or ice forbids its climbing,
And his blood is sere with light, like wine,
Oh his branches, all in sere expanding,
How they shimmer in the sun!

Through the glossy leaves they burn, enfolded,
Like the flowers of Eden, full of grace!
Filled with fragrance, as joy new moulded
Into being by a god's pace!
Violet hills, across the sunrise lying,
See them kindle when the storm-gave dies,
And the breeze that drinks their odorous sighing
Wears the lover's rapturous guise!

Then all day, in every opening chalice
Drains their honey-drops the revelling bee,
Till the dew-scraped sleep revive their last pleasure,
Filled with song-like summer, Tulip-Tree!
In those crystal cups an ocean enchanted
Which is children's heart were boiled and, hand,
And, beneath thee, still my heart is haunted
With their tones of vanished song.

Oh, while Earth's fall heart is throbbing over
With its wealth of light and life and rest,
Who can dream the seasons that shall cover
With their tombs the visions of the free?
Who can paint the years that downward decline,
While the splendid morning lingers on the aspen,
Or the turf upon his coffin hardens,
When his palace lies with dirt!

Wind of June, that sweep'st the rolling meadow,
Then shalt wail in breathless weigh and hare,
While the tree, o'ershung with storm and shadow,
Writhes and creaks amid the gusty air.
All his leaves, the children of their nutriment,
Then shall drop before the Northwind's spoken,
And his limbs, by leaf and compass beaten,
Feel the weight of wintry years.

Yet, way-stood the rapture and the glory
Of the Tree for the old—remain the
Life, alas! still soon reverse the story,
And its memories all remain prize.
Let the blossoms in the morning brighten,
Happy heart, as shall the Tulip-Tree,
Like the dizzy's scarce around he whitens,
Dribbed down the sloping bee!

For the Ladies.

FROM GODEY'S MAGAZINE.

THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION.

ADDRESSED TO YOUNG WOMEN WHO ARE "FINISHING."

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

A friend told me, the other day, that he had been shocked to hear a girl of sixteen, say in company that she had finished her education. Not that he would have construed with severity the mere adoption of a conventional form of expression, but that he observed in the young lady's countenance whereof which seemed him that she accepted the phrase in full force, and possessed by it all that the words seem to imply.

Female education seems with some to have only a technical meaning; to contemplate a certain amount of knowledge acquired at school, with an addition, more or less considerable, derived from private instructors. The first includes a little Geography, principally that which may be learned from a globe; a little History—as much as is included in half a dozen compends used in the schools; a little Grammar, which requires some attention to be generally "learnt" by the scholar with the tolerable knowledge of Reading, Writing, and common Arithmetic, and a very slight smattering of Natural Philosophy, Rhetoric, and perhaps Botany or Geology. If Moral and Moral Philosophy be on the list of studies, a young lady is in some danger of becoming masculine; if Algebra and Geometry, she must take care to keep it a secret.

The edifices is partly in the shape of language; that French, the language of the moderns; and Italian, rendered necessary by the use of fashionable songs. Those Count Monte, Dancing, and possibly a little Drawing, though not often more than will suffice to copy in engrave a landscape a last long, which have to be retouched by the teacher before it is fit for the portfolio.

Now all these things are very well, as far as they go. Education should include them all. But does the young lady thus "accomplished" know how to read? Of course she knows the sounds of words; but can she read a sense in Shakspeare, or a chapter in the Bible, or even a paragraph from the newspaper, so it should be read, in order to give pleasure as well as instruction to the hearer? If she cannot—will she have not made this pretentious word the subject of earnest study and effort, let her be sure she has neglected an important part of her education. All music is good, but the "sweet music of speech"—that which at once arouses the mind and delights the ear—that which requires no instrument but the fine ear and command of the organs God has given us, which asks no previous study except in the musician, no particular taste in the hearer—that is the music first in demand for the family circle; and if its acquirement be reserved to the parlors or the lazy, education is going backward instead of forward.

The geography which we acquire at school is, indispensable, certainly, but is it sufficient? We learn the general appearance of countries on the map, the position of certain large islands, the names of many bays and straits. We even study the population and possibly the latitude and longitude of some of the principal cities; and recite them with tolerable precision in the class. And fine it perhaps all that can be expected for the time. But for the acquire an interest in the every-bounded spot we real use? Have we done anything but accept it as one part of the school routine? Do we connect the knowledge thus acquired in any degree with the general business and enjoyment of life? If we do, we shall carry on the same spirit of a pleasure the first time without desiring to know exactly where it is to be found; we shall not read in the newspaper or account of the opening of a new branch of trade the adventures of an exploring expedition, the exchanging of an island in the South Seas, or the march after "missing commanders—without a keen immediately to seek out on the map the position of the points named, and in the quarter all that is known about them. As alike will be at least a necessary among our private stock as much as a novel, and we shall not advance far in life without having learned for ourselves a sort of mental chart, in which will be laid down ready for immediate use, the general aspect of the face of the earth, with an accompanying commentary showing the climate, productions, advantages and peculiarities of all important points. first and nearest and best, those of our own extensive country and its dependencies. When we read history, it will be with a step at hand; and we shall not be content to remain with the vague jumble which seemed to surround a city of any acquaintance—without even knowing whether it was in England or Spain. We shall not be whether the Lexington at which the first revolutionary battle was fought was that in Massachusetts, or its namesake in Kentucky, and shall wondered how it was that the troops could get to Boston so speedily? We laugh at the ludicrous mistakes made by foreigners—even the English—with regard to the different portions of our country, but more ruinous does not seem to be the attention. It is in truth as unpardonable in an American, young or old, to be ignorant of the geography of his own, as it would be to be ignorant of the history of his native town. Yet how many have ever had the time without desiring to know exactly where it is to be found, we shall not read in the newspaper an account of the opening of a new branch of trade the adventures of an exploring expedition, the exchanging of an island in the South Seas, or the march after "missing commanders—without a keen immediately to seek out on the map the position of the points named, and in the quarter all that is known about them. As alike will be at least a necessary among our private stock as much as a novel, and we shall not advance far in life without having learned for ourselves a sort of mental chart, in which will be laid down ready for immediate use, the general aspect of the face of the earth, with an accompanying commentary showing the climate, productions, advantages and peculiarities of all important points. first and nearest and best those of our own extensive country and its dependencies. When we read history, it will be with a step at hand; and we shall not be content to remain with the vague jumble which seemed to surround a city of any acquaintance—without even knowing whether it was in England or Spain. We shall not be whether the Lexington at which the first revolutionary battle was fought was that in Massachusetts, or its namesake in Kentucky, and shall wondered how it was that the troops could get to Boston so speedily? We laugh at the ludicrous mistakes made by foreigners—even the English—with regard to the different portions of our country, but more ruinous does not seem to be the attention. It is in truth as unpardonable in an American, young or old, to be ignorant of the history of his own, as it would be to be ignorant of the history of his native town. Yet how many have ever had the time

reading which looks but of the weeds without any corresponding patience being learned in the mind. People of this kind, or as sometimes do, when the thoughts are pre-occupied, or sleep imminent, so that we find ourselves going over the same page or paragraph again and again, in order to discover the sense which comply seems to elude us. The year by a lady's inconsequence, not being the result of natural incapacity, must of course be traced to the intellectual or moral delinquencies, want of self-reliance, silent in the object, or such a habit of learning by rote as takes the life out of any subject. We are important or useful in this world. The pearls of darkened mind to whom I have alluded, was too completely passive, and unattributed to any great important good from a single ill-directed effort at improvement; the lively, intelligent girl, had not yet learned to be her spontaneous is probably destined to a life either of empty frivolity, ending without dignity or usefulness, under the sad necessities, or will yet find how poor by the still submissive vision of want and misfortune.

The study pf history is far from discovering to be acted among things to be learned according to law and forgotten as speedily as possible. It is more what the customs of young people to disparage, scientific or agreed, and study which does not seem to promise immediate use or immediate pleasure—had-ad two pages a part of what they learn at school. We learned either to like the smoother portions of history or pleasure, reward or punishment, without reference to their future influence at all. They are not all judicious instructors is to lead the pupil's mind forward, beyond the task of the moment, to the general bearing of the subject on the interests, pleasure and advantage of cultivation. History is more than any science, or